

ANARCHY

a journal of
DESIRE ARMED

Issue number 5
Winter, 1983
This is your copy!

PUNK

A'NÄRCHfesto

WE are sick of the lie-ridden fartspeak of teachers, newscasters, deejays, and hired neckties. Want music with guts and passion. Played by real accessible people not rock-stars. Open to under-agers--whether they have money or not.

IF OUR MUSIC sounds like noise to you, you'd better figure out why it bothers you. Our non-aesthetic unleashes the disorder of pain and love. ...we lack manners and drapery, no lack at all. Down with fashion fascists! ...we ~~like~~ have our ~~hax~~ hate, anger, affection, self-pity, disgust, fagginess, willfulness--the calm of our frenzy and the lumps in our throats.

Punk is here! Columbia, we're not going to take any more of the shit dished out with that poor excuse for life called "normality." Whether it be the truth-infested neo-serfdom of the student or the humiliation suffered by worker and workerless at the faceless hands of money and power, we've come to say, "enough is too much!" We're striking back in any way we can.

We are sick of your way of death! death by nuclear family, death by routine rituals of survival, death by fear of our own lust and tenderness, death by going along so he won't get mad at me, death by the music of masshype, death by manarchy and the zen of hard-cock, death by smothered children.

THE "new age" "hippies" are no help. They've lost their smell. Too many of them have gotten scared and tired. They sound more and more like their parents every day. Maybe more cool than preppie-clones, but still old liberals whose intolerance and small-mindedness is apparent to everyone but themselves.

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WE WANT EVERYTHING...
a place where everyone can be who they are...
where normality is the old folly of social alchemists

and long-extinct domesticated species.

If the business thieves of this town are whining about a few slingshot windows....If the pat Barneses of the cops-and-real-tors gang are hiding in their sick beds from their own frankensteinism....If the psychiatric brain molesters are counting on our submission to the nightmare of normal passivity and productivity....If anyone is thinking we will be zapped with drugs, shocks, emotional/physical brutality, or guilt....we say "get the fuck away from us!"

We are here.
In Columbia.
You can try to catch us,
try to stop us.
But your normal regimen is doomed.

--ko-punks

the shame of the

At its January meeting, the board of directors of radio station KOPN decided to censor the program description for the February programs of "Subliminal Nightmare", a punk music show. (See original text below). The board adopted a policy that no material which "promotes hate" may be published in the KOPN program guides.

This criteria is deeply rooted in conformist thinking. It reflects a form of social amnesia which would channel all expressions of anger against the status quo into "appropriate" rationalist and reformist modes. It provides a rationale whereby the anger of oppressed people can be dismissed as "hateful" and unworthy by persons whose social status and/or formal education buffers them from the everyday violence of the state and capitalism. By this logic, black militants are accused of hating whites, and radical feminists are accused of hating men, without any realization that their pointed critiques and angry cries are vital expressions of solidarity. Theirs is a relentless outburst against a society whose very existence is predicated on racism and misogyny - albeit disguised by the formal equality of the business (as usual) world.

The "anti-hate" watchword is derivative of a form of religious masochism which commands the faithful to "love thy enemy." Imagine a board of censors dashing off memos telling prisoners to love their jailers and ex-

marily to maintain existing patterns of domination--to keep people in "their place." The poor, minorities, political dissidents, and weirdos of all varieties experience the police as agents of coercion: as bullies, manipulative liars, kidnappers, and as potential and actual murderers.

Middle-class citizens find it easy to dismiss anger against cops because they don't normally experience the police in this manner. In any case, they sense that without the police their "right" to live in relative luxury while millions of others can barely survive (if that) would soon disappear. Punks, who use black humor and foul language to show their disrespect and antipathy for officials and their armed enforcers, are denounced. But the problem of repressive police power and the reign of fear we all exist under is never seriously considered. (Fear is no less fear because the regular joes are afraid to notice it.)

The KOPN board of directors is a poor forum for the discussion of an issue which deserves full and open consideration by all members of the radio cooperative. If KOPN volunteers and supporters feel it is necessary to affirm certain values in their publication, they would do well to replace the anti-hate dictum with a provision from the preliminary draft on programming policy adopted by the program committee:

"KOPN will not permit programming

SUBLIMINAL NIGHTMARE

SUNDAYS 3:00 am

---with Bob Bite and The Maggot.
The show that grabs reality by the guts and grinds it up for dinner...Late Nite Saturdays (Sundays 3:00 am)

5th: ANTI COLUMBIA POLICE SHOW. Fuck those dirty, rotten, stinking pigs.
MDC---Millions of Dead Cops, Nazi Bitch & The Jews/Dead Porker, Black Flag/Po-lice Story & MORE ANTI-COP SHIT. VINYL VOMIT: DEAD KENNEDYS/PLASTIC SURGERY DISASTERS

12th: Punk is an attitude. A life-style. All you frat-rat wimp-wave ignorant corporate shithheads: GO DIE. We don't need it, we don't want it. You are pawns in THE ULTIMATE DEATH PLAN (and the pitiful thing is that you know this already). VINYL VOMIT:LIFE IS UGLY SO WHY NOT KILL YOURSELF (various)

19th: Dead baby heads rolling across the scorched field. You laugh. You don't care. Why should you? You work for IBM.

26th: Prostitution. You do it every day. Buttfuck for bucks forever and ever? Local shit gets the airwaves. Causes of Tragedy (Columbia), Bombs from Hell (Sedalia), Broadcast (K.C.) WHERE'S THE ST. LOUIS THRASH? SEND IN TAPES! Vinyl vomit: MORAL MICRONOTZ (Lawrence)

SUBLIMINAL NIGHTMARE
c/o KOPN Box 48
915 East Broadway
Columbia, Mo. 65201

mitment to violence in service of power.

Bigotry is by its very nature aligned with the status quo. It would be absurd to claim that a Jew in a concentration camp who hates Germans is a bigot. Similarly the call of black militants to segregate themselves in self-defense and for self-identity is not equivalent to the forced segregation of a Jim Crow legal order. In order to differentiate between the

capitalism. By the logic, black militants are accused of hating whites, and radical feminists are accused of hating men, without any realization that their pointed critiques and angry cries are vital expressions of solidarity. Theirs is a relentless outburst against a society whose very existence is predicated on racism and misogyny - albeit disguised by the formal equality of the business (as usual) world.

The "anti-hate" watchword is derivative of a form of religious masochism which commands the faithful to "love thy enemy." Imagine a board of censors dashing off memos telling prisoners to love their jailers and exploited workers to love their sweet old bosses. They would have maimed and dying war victims send bloody valentines to their bombardiers.

These examples are obvious, but the ways in which persons in other roles are engaged in dehumanizing activity never seems to dawn on the conformist. The punk blurb is directed against the police, against "frat-rat wimp-wave ignorant corporate shithheads," and against the abject condition of working ("prostitution") under capitalism. Here I'll focus on the political significance of anti-police sentiment.

The police would like people to believe that they are merely neutral enforcers of democratically enacted and impartially adjudicated laws. Some of them may even think of themselves as just regular guys who are only doing their job. What is more, even anarchists have to acknowledge that some of the things cops do (if not always the way they do them) are socially useful, e.g., directing traffic, or providing assistance in emergencies. Nevertheless, the police exist pri-

and the reign of fear we all exist under is never seriously considered. (Fear is no less fear because the regular joes are afraid to notice it.)

The KOPN board of directors is a poor forum for the discussion of an issue which deserves full and open consideration by all members of the radio cooperative. If KOPN volunteers and supporters feel it is necessary to affirm certain values in their publication, they would do well to replace the anti-hate dictum with a provision from the preliminary draft on programming policy adopted by the program committee:

"KOPN will not permit programming which promotes bigotry. The expression of sexist, racist, ageist, and other bigoted perspectives shall only be permitted in a context in which the audience is made aware of the destructive implications of such ideas."

The purpose of this anti-bigotry provision would be to put an end to stereotypes which lead to the domination of some people on the basis of sex, age, race, or similar factors. Such traits are independent of the behavioral choices a person makes. The bigot views them stereotypically, and never comprehends the real social relationships which exist. This needs further explanation.

Soldiers, cops, and rapists are objects of scorn and hatred because of behavior which is inherent in their role. Simply put, they decide to fuck people over (though they may not think of it in that way). Depending on the situations they confront and individual differences in response, a given gunman may be less brutal than his partner, but they share the same com-

mitment to violence in service of power.

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So when Catholics recently objected to production of the play "Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You" in St. Louis, it was perhaps predictable that the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights complained of "an importation of bigotry into the community." (Note the implication of outsiders challenging established parochialism.) Similarly the Swedish Board of Film Censors has barred children under 12 from seeing the movie, "E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial" because it says that the movie portrays adults as enemies of children. In other

censored blurbs — badguy

workin' 'n kopn — cliff edwards

(Cliff Edwards contributes the following essay to the discussion of co-operative work relationships at KOPN, the Columbia listener-sponsored FM radio station. Edwards, an accomplished and celebrated performer on the ukelele, has been one of the paid staff at the station for several years. He also contributes much volunteer time collaborating in many aspects of KOPN. Cliff's perspectives are his own.)

What do people who volunteer at KOPN radio get out of KOPN radio? What is the structure of this volunteer medium? Some people say KOPN is too rigid (and therefore hypocritical in its claim to be community-access). Others say KOPN is choking to death on its own democracy. Both these observations are of course related to the backgrounds of the people involved.

KOPN is a non-profit, volunteer, radio station attempting to survive the normal business/federal cycles. It is collectively owned and operated by people who subscribe for \$25 or more a year and/or who volunteer time. They are trying to maintain an ongoing social experiment. Criticism from all sides regarding rigidity or lack of organization is directed toward the management and staff of the station.

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organization. Some get discouraged and leave; some put up with it because of the opportunity of working in radio.

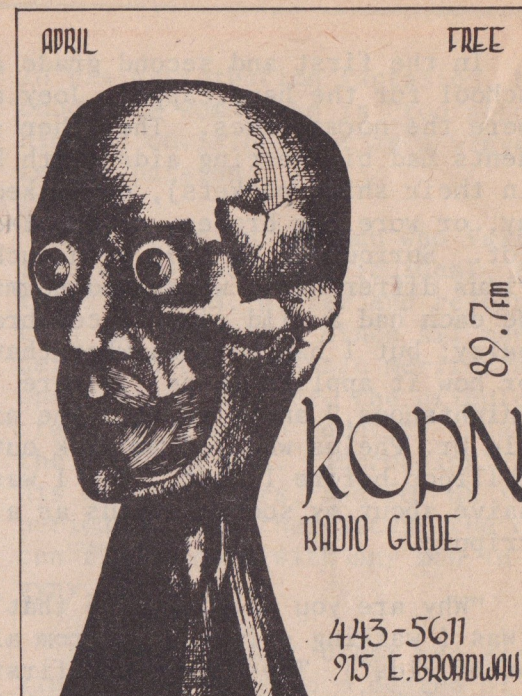
On the other side are the occasional volunteers from more conservative, management-oriented backgrounds. They perceive KOPN as being very chaotic; staff swamped with work surrounded by volunteers who won't really risk the time/labor involved to solve any major problems. Not business-like enough... and so they too leave.

The heart of the problem is that the full time (paid or not) staff do not work well with volunteers. The entire concept of management is one of the main causes of this problem. First, most of the staff do not want to be put in a "management" position. They don't want to tell people what to do. Most of them are too used to the employee/boss cycle to want to be a boss. The volunteers, however, feel

from the tedious to the critical, is not taken care of.

The solution is to rethink and act upon the concept of management. A co-operative form of management is what the KOPN staff should be thinking of; one group of people who have a more thorough knowledge of work tasks, coordinating other people to do these tasks. This is where the volunteer structure usually breaks down in cooperative businesses. It is up to the full time staff at KOPN to think of themselves as "coordinators" and not as bosses. Who wants to be a boss? But being a coordinator is the responsibility of someone heavily involved with this type of organization.

Ultimately I think KOPN will have a more clearly defined working system and more confident staffmembers who will be able to help new volunteers



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Most of those accustomed to the usual "employee/boss" relationships resent the fact that even at KOPN there are orders given, sometimes by only one or two people, sometimes under authority from the Board of Directors (many of whom are paid staff at KOPN). People who are trying to get away from this omnivorous, omnipresent work problem resent running into it at what is supposedly a "volunteer-controlled" or-

management-oriented backgrounds. They perceive KOPN as being very chaotic; staff swamped with work surrounded by volunteers who won't really risk the time/labor involved to solve any major problems. Not business-like enough... and so they too leave.

The heart of the problem is that the full time (paid or not) staff do not work well with volunteers. The entire concept of management is one of the main causes of this problem. First, most of the staff do not want to be put in a "management" position. They don't want to tell people what to do. Most of them are too used to the employee/boss cycle to want to be a boss. The volunteers, however, feel that they are frequently attacked as being indifferent to their responsibilities regarding volunteer work. In addition, when volunteers do come up to work there's nothing to do, no one who will show them what to do, no one who will tell them anything at all. At the same time these staff people are swamped with their own labor, and so lots of daily station maintenance,

the KOPN staff should be thinking of; one group of people who have a more thorough knowledge of work tasks, coordinating other people to do these tasks. This is where the volunteer structure usually breaks down in cooperative businesses. It is up to the full time staff at KOPN to think of themselves as "coordinators" and not as bosses. Who wants to be a boss? But being a coordinator is the responsibility of someone heavily involved with this type of organization.

Ultimately I think KOPN will have a more clearly defined working system and more confident staffmembers who will be able to help new volunteers perceive the amount of necessary work and how to best use their skills. People from the "management/business" community who want to fit in to KOPN will have to accept cooperative management as the better system. And maybe they'll even think that concept out in terms of their own jobs and businesses..., but let's not get too optimistic.

MARY WORTHLESS



In the first and second grade at the school for the handicapped, Joey and I were the normal ones. The other students had big hearing aids (with boxes in their shirt pockets), or talked funny, or wore leg braces, or drooled a lot. Surrounded by kids with such obvious differences, we seemed normal. We each had a mild case of cerebral palsy; but I had no idea what that was or how it applied to me. I wore "nightshoes," and I went to see nice old Dr. Phelps who let me pick out a lollipop before I left. But I was naive about my social status as a cripple.

"Why are you walking like that?" (Was I walking differently from all the other kids?) These were the first questions I had to confront the next year on the playground of the regular school. I decided to stand still in one spot so that no one would notice how I walked. But then, "Why are you standing like that?" (Oh no, it must be that I even stand funny.) I began to spend recesses sitting by a telephone pole.

The surprise and shame that came with the sense of myself as a freak were some of the most intense and dreadful feelings of my childhood. This was only the beginning of a growing awareness of the ways I wasn't normal. Many of the most significant differences were gender-specific. More and more, I shared a vague affinity with Pinocchio in his yearning to be a real live boy.

The boys played sports. I could have played with them, but they and I both knew that I couldn't play very well. Every year as they developed their athletic skills, the gap grew

the ball, but because I had tried to follow him in to the boy's world. His blows caused my head to jerk back, and his voice was meaner and tougher than I had ever heard it. My head was pushed into the electric meter once, and then again. I put my hand to the back of my head and realized it was bleeding. I went into the school with blood down the back of my white shirt. And I lied to the teacher so my friend wouldn't get in trouble.

My overwhelming experience during middle childhood was as a boy who was incompetent at virtually every activity which was a mark of male identity. At boy scout meetings, when I did play baseball, someone would run the bases for me when I hit the ball. My carpentry attempts were crude, and it didn't occur to me that I might improve with practice. And Brandon, who picked a fight with me a few times, landed the sharpest jab by jeering, "You fight like a girl!"

In the eighth grade a couple of boys made an attempt to include me in their games. I was told how to hike a football and I could do this well enough. But I had neither the physical self-

the cripple and the man

— noa

terize the romantically ideal man are handsomeness, strength, and self-confidence. Other more specific attributes such as "noble" facial features, muscular build, physical strength, and engaging personality can be a part of a romantic ideal.

Romanticism, like all creeds, provides its adherents with a false sense of security against the uncertainty and lack of perfection in the real world. When the romantic man finds his object he thinks, "I have fallen in love." He has succeeded in essentially reducing another person to a set of fixed ideals. He begins to surrender all other values at the feet of this idol. This process is usually quite subtle and not clearly recognized, but the series of self-betrays (and the self-deceptions used to mask them) are not less compelling because they are disguised. Furthermore, everyday experiences which should suggest that the beloved one does not measure up to the romantic ideal are usually not enough to immediately break the self-imposed spell.

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The boys played sports. I could have played with them, but they and I both knew that I couldn't play very well. Every year as they developed their athletic skills, the gap grew wider. Boys play sports to win. What was the point of playing if I couldn't contribute to their victory?

I spent my time with the few other boys who didn't play ball. My one close friend was named Ross. We soon staked out our own territory. We were separated from the boy's playground by a street full of girls. We called our club the Secret Silent Service System. In the words of our club song we were, "the best club in the world; there are only two members in it, but we still think it's the best...better than all the rest." We vowed to "fight off all our enemies." While the other boys played sports, we engaged in fantasy adventure, like righteous terrorists in exile. Still, we were uncomfortably aware of our status as outsiders.

At times Ross would flirt with being admitted to the mainstream of boydom. One day he was engaged in playful rivalry for a basketball with a few other boys. I chased the ball and knocked it away from him. He began to pummel me in the face with his elbows. He was furious. Not so much because I had hit

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In the eighth grade a couple of boys made an attempt to include me in their games. I was told how to hike a football and I could do this well enough. But I had neither the physical self-confidence nor the aggressive "instincts" to rush an opponent. I also served as a first-base umpire for a time. Since both my knowledge of baseball rules and my ability to make quick accurate decisions were pretty lousy, I was soon ejected from the game. By the time I was thirteen, my inexperience--probably even more than my physical limitations--had a decisive impact on my chances of breaking into the sports of my classmates.

Exclusion from sports means exclusion from the camaraderie, rites, and secrets of the world of young males. As a result, the male cripple is a sissy by the time he reaches puberty. Throughout adolescence, he suffers an anguished search for affection, intimacy and sexual fulfillment. Before I try to describe the nature of this suffering, it will help to examine the paradigm for the expression of passionate affection in this society.

Romanticism as an ideology, asserts the primacy of a human ideal in the quest for interpersonal fulfillment. The three general traits which charac-

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The male cripple is the antithesis of the romantic ideal. He is viewed as physically unattractive, weak and insecure. Having been largely removed from the male social scene, he tends to lack social poise. Often he does not project qualities conventionally thought of as masculine. In any case he is rarely thought to exude virile allure. As a life-long member of an inferior caste, he finds stability and serenity elusive. Emotionally he is at war with a society which alternately treats him as a monster, a child, or an asexual nice guy, but hardly ever as a man. During high school, a number of girls were the objects of my romantic day-dreams. I didn't date or become friends with any of them. And the communication of romantic feelings was furtive. For example, when I was out of state with my family, I mailed an anonymous note to Jeanne. Another time I slipped a ticket to a Valentine dance on Kathy's table in the cafeteria. It was most important for me to avoid detection, even though I also wanted to make myself known. But my interest in various girls had to remain a frightening secret because I perceived myself as an unacceptable candidate. I had little doubt but that rejection and em-



bridget

In his masturbation fantasies, he chooses a woman who is "too good" for him and envisions her as a slave of sexual passion.

The creep is the man who fails to live up to the romantic ideal, and who feels crushed, bitter and resigned to this failure. And since all men suffer defeat in the romantic meritocracy at one time or another, the cripple as creep can find an identity located in the world of men. Increasingly, during his teenage years, and for an indefinite period of time thereafter, the cripple can find a bond with any men in misogyny.

Yet, while most other men are able to find reassurance in a degree of conformity to the manly ideal posited by romanticism (an escape of sorts from creepy desperation), the cripple is not so sure. The predominant social message he has received is, "You are a pitiful soul who needs help." It is this attitude more than overt hostility or fearful avoidance which is the cripple's worst emotional scourge.

Adults, including my parents and teachers, always seemed to exaggerate and distort the limitations stemming from my disability. My mother often expressed the view that activity beyond my usual routine would be too tiring for me, (and my father rarely disagreed). My teachers would make special allowances for me, suggesting that I was not capable of the quantity or quality of work the other pupils did. It was embarrassing and humiliating to hear adults, time and time again, instruct my peers to, "do this for him", or "help him do that". It was



clare bridget

barrassment would accompany any expression of sexual desire, however tentative. The stereotypes I had learned about myself had become self-fulfilling prophecies. Women were taboo to me, although they remained my most significant preoccupation. Thus the social and psychological basis existed for my transition from sissy to creep.

I use the idiom "creep" in a very special sense. "Creep" refers to the ashamed sexuality of most men, which is an inescapable fact of our social life, and one which each of us must confront sooner or later. It is ironic that if there is an almost universal manner in which men share a common crippledness, it is in the realm of sexual expression. Conversely, it is primarily through his sexuality that the male cripple comes to participate in the universal male world. Thus, the man as creep is a cripple, and the cripple as creep becomes a man.

A creature of low self-esteem, the creep feels he cannot develop sustained intimate friendships with others. Despairing of intersubjective happiness, he takes the other as an object to exploit as best he can. This is a cynical attempt to validate himself through domination. The delightful joys of erotic pleasure are turned into their opposite by a guilt-ridden quest for power. The creep then is a voyeur, a pornophile, and an exhibitionist. He enjoys not only invading the sexual space of others, but also feeling that his penis has the power to cause a reaction, even if only one of discomfort or disgust.

The heterosexual male creep tries to reduce all women to whores, i.e., to what he thinks of as dirty sluts who are so low they would fuck someone as contemptible as himself (and thereby elevate him)! He may cruise bars or parties in search of a drunken easy lay.

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Increasingly, I grew resentful of this form of "being nice", of protecting me from myself. I became distrustful of almost all friendly overtures since they so often were a subtle and condescending form of social invalidation. Altruists offer untender sweetness in presenting themselves as "good" persons. However, the cripple soon realizes that such people remain unavailable and inaccessible to him.

Their liberal attitude seeks to assimilate him into the cultural mainstream by pretending that he's just a normal person, and by wishing away his subjective and objective reality with good cheer preppiness. Good-hearted positivists would train the cripple for a job, make a few more building entrances accessible, and provide counseling services. Anything to make him feel like one of the gang. But behind their smiles it is painfully obvious how sorry they feel for us. And such pity

continues next page...

the cripple &

-continued from page 5

betrays the profound ineffectuality of the reformist. The same impotence haunts all activity which carefully avoids upsetting routine modes of existence.

Perhaps the most revealing sign of the fake consciousness of the liberal is the recent correct-speak term, "physically-challenged". It is true that persons who are suddenly afflicted by a disabling illness or injury may face extraordinary physical challenges for a period of time. But after a while, the physical dimensions of the affliction become relatively routine, while the psychosocial and interpersonal dimensions are challenging, or more precisely, taunting. In the case of men who have suffered combat injuries or sporting mishaps, the term, "physically-challenged" suggests that a macho will-to-power (a prime source of past fulfillment and identity for many of these men) can make everything all right. The inference is that if they have the stamina to reconstitute them-

selves in an athletic fashion (e.g., to become wheelchair jocks) they can salvage a place in the world of normal men.

The only hope for the crippled male is a social movement which is willing to mount a radical challenge to the everyday lives of men. We need a men's movement that is as unsettling to conventional masculinity and to patriarchal authority as cripples are to normalcy. It is not helpful to moralistically denounce and ostracize (repress) the creep. The creep can only undergo a metamorphosis in the light of day. All men feel creepy from time to time. Moreover, if it is true that this feeling lurks in our groins, then it is also true that all men sense that this kind of suffering is a high price to pay for emotional survival.

We need to develop circles of support which will challenge our creepiness in a manner that will ensure its obsolescence. But none of this will be enough if we continue to keep one foot in the ideology of romanticism. Here is where understanding the cripple's subjectivity is most valuable. Because he continually confronts his outsider status vis-a-vis the male world, the crippled man's negativity

toward male culture is not merely analytical or ideological, it is experiential. On the one hand, he experiences himself as an ironic salvation from stale maleness. On the other hand, he sometimes feels like a trapped victim - a powerless sissy in macholand.

Sometimes my own stake in the male culture and its institutions feels very small, and the potential for realizing my desires very great. I scamper about as if I were in the midst of an erotic cartoon of my own invention. The soldier, the policeman, the boss, and the boyfriend cannot capture my imagination. All they have to offer me is my crippledness, and I toss it back in their faces.

We are the ones you handicap, retard, and drive mad, and we are breaking free of these shackles! We want a world where our value is not measured by standards of "productivity," but where satisfying activity can become an end in itself. A world without false oppositions of beautiful and ugly, normal and crazy, manly and wimpy. For if loving communities of proud people desire to create a world in which they can live as free, autonomous, guiltless persons, they will have to embrace us too.

blurb shame

-continued from page 2

words, the movie unmasks a certain animosity between age groups in a way that children will recognize as true. Surely this smacks of promoting hate to these adults who, true to this theme, have used their superior power to deny children the chance to see for

versy. The blurb in question is provocative; some might even say perverse. However the damage done by censorship is far greater than the likely result of publishing an accurate description of the tone and message of the radio show. Censorship of the blurb deprived readers of the guide of the chance to consider a viewpoint and attitude which seldom appears in print. Undoubtedly many readers might have



"physically-challenged" suggests that a macho will-to-power (a prime source of past fulfillment and identity for many of these men) can make everything all right. The inference is that if they have the stamina to reconstitute them-

foot in the ideology of romanticism. Here is where understanding the cripple's subjectivity is most valuable. Because he continually confronts his outsider status vis-a-vis the male world, the crippled man's negativity

tions of beautiful and ugly, normal and crazy, manly and wimpy. For if loving communities of proud people desire to create a world in which they can live as free, autonomous, guiltless persons, they will have to embrace us too.



Tired of the same old shit day after day?

Frustrated by the impotence of your desires in a world of things and their prices?

Want to get out of your rut, and experience something genuinely different?

DISARM AUTHORITY ARM YOUR DESIRES

Read about and study anarchist ideas—news, history, theory—put them into practice....

And don't forget to subscribe to that little-known and irregular publication—

ANARCHY a journal of
DESIRE ARMED

—only \$3.00 for six issues.

blurb shame

—continued from page 2

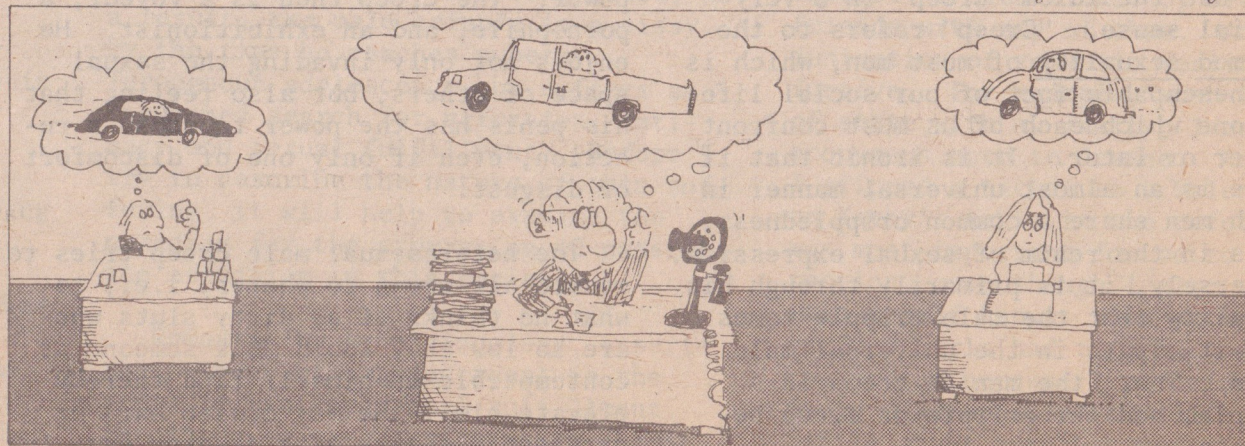
words, the movie unmasks a certain animosity between age groups in a way that children will recognize as true. Surely this smacks of promoting hate to these adults who, true to this theme, have used their superior power to deny children the chance to see for themselves.

In censoring the "Subliminal Nightmare" blurb, the KOPN board of directors acted in a manner consistent with anti-punk hysteria (much like the anti-hippie hysteria of 15 years ago.) Punks are the Dadaists of our time. To hear them denounced as "childish" and "vacuous" would be laughable were these not the ageist and classist whines of members of an organization whose reason for existence is to provide a forum for diversity and contro-

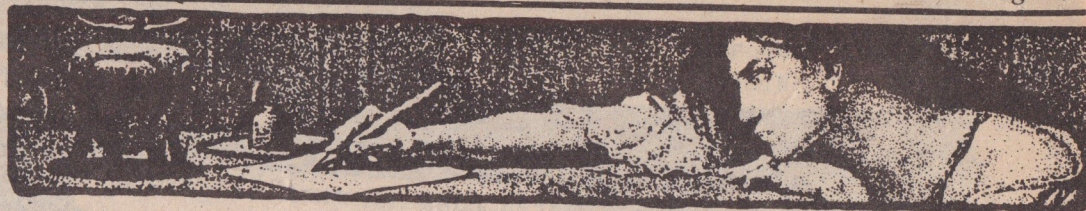
versy. The blurb in question is provocative; some might even say perverse. However the damage done by censorship is far greater than the likely result of publishing an accurate description of the tone and message of the radio show. Censorship of the blurb deprived readers of the guide of the chance to consider a viewpoint and attitude which seldom appears in print. Undoubtedly many readers might have been outraged and the station might have been deluged with letters. But instead of allowing a heated controversy over the role of police in this town, and in society in general, KOPN's censors settled for scribble marks. Presumably they were worried about public perception of the station if two of their volunteers expressed their total disrespect for agents of repression. As a result, they have tarnished the ideals of tolerance and open expression and the free space KOPN provides.... in order to save them?

DAYSHIFT

—by Pat Daly



Letters from our co-conspirators



Fellow Freethinkers,

In light of the authoritarian conditioning we are subjected to from the earliest point in our lives (every institution in society hither and yon mirrors one form or another of hierarchical structure, from the authoritarian conditioning provided by the top-down, sexually repressive family, to top-down schools and work places, and we are constantly being bombarded with pervasive insidious messages) it almost seems futile to attempt to wake the people around us. The vast majority are conditioned to accept authority --indeed they desire it--internalized defense mechanisms are the means by which even the most oppressed sectors of society continue to accept their lot in life and to identify with a perennially cultivated need of hierarchy.

Comrades,

First of all allow me to congratulate you on your latest issue 12-16-81 of Anarchy a journal of Desire Armed. The C.A.L. has certainly remained firm and true in the struggle despite the setbacks, and we as imprisoned Anarchists would like to acknowledge your support and solidarity that we have accepted and appreciated over the last few years.

At this point in time I would like to respond to that defeatist diatribe written by Kathy Fire. Defeatism takes many forms -- obviously her program of non-action is one of them. First and foremost Anarchism is a mode of action,

This society is so rankled with contradictions that people should be turning against it in great numbers in favor of something more humanitarian; and they will, regardless of the size of the spy forces and thought police.

This journal is an excellent forum for those of us who have come to question, among many things, the need of capitalism and government. Our ideas are the most powerful of weapons we have. These ideas can be spread through the spoken and written word and more importantly through non-violent propaganda by deed, as well as discussion of issues at such a time and in such manner as to have an immediate effect.

Long Live Anarchy
L.J., St. Louis, Mo.

not abstract or illusory but alive and real. Revolution is not a parlor game where battles are won with creative rhetoric which only serves to confuse the masses concerning our aims and motives. Revolution is created by the bold and audacious who dare to un-horse the emperor. Tear down the churches and forever free yourselves from the gaze of your impotent mad redeemer. Everything is permitted! Everything is unrestricted! Bury the past, make way for the subjective creativity of the future.

Long live Anarchy!!
Long live Neo-Nihilism!!

We would like to encourage readers to write to us in order to open a dialogue both with those who are sympathetic and those who are critical of anarchist theory and practice. We especially invite critical letters from those who are sympathetic with our goals, but who don't understand, or who are skeptical of the efficacy of anarchist perspectives and activities. Response to such letters will allow us to explain and develop our ideas in more detail, and allow us to let you know exactly where we do stand in relation to one-dimensional, ideological or conventional standpoints. This is a very necessary undertaking since the misunderstandings surrounding anarchism are immense. All letters to Anarchy will be printed with the author's initials unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used, or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous. We will try to print every letter that we receive for publication, as long as they are not redundant, overly long, or unreadable, even if this takes several pages. Please keep the length of your letter to less than two typewritten, double-spaced pages. Address your letters to Anarchy, c/o Columbia Anarchist League, P.O. Box 380, Columbia, MO 65205.

the corridor

The corridor echoes
Its unswept story
In the foreshadowed grievance
Of lifeless, naked feet.
Forsaken, it hungers
For a revolution.
Perhaps to be stripped and waxed,
Tiled or widened,
Disgraced with sticky residue,
It weeps for a painter
To abort its putrid vision
With bright colors splashed
On the wounded walls.
It yearns for laughter,
To squeeze the tears'
Haunting absorption.
It impatiently waits

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Comrades of the journal "Anarchy,"

Greetings and best wishes for the work that you are doing. The first page (of issue #4) dealing with local matters, followed by letters from readers, articles and a book review make for an interesting paper. And the leaflet "As We See It" explains what you stand for and aim at, with which I agree. It is only in point "seven" that the capitalized words "STERILE AND HARMFUL ACTION" appear to me as unclear. This also applies to the words "DESIRE ARMED" that follow "A journal of."

Kathy Fire's letter, "Anarchy under fire," is open for discussion. She writes, "On the flyer that came with the newspaper, you give a whole chunk of space to put down, belittle and criticize Susan Hegg for being a reformist cop...I couldn't care less if she's a cop or a hooker or a nun or a poet.... No "pig" ever started a war, killed for profit...Anarchy is a frame of mind...an ideal, a dream...but one thing it is not is a realistic expectation/transformation in this or any other major power of our times...We have to learn to appreciate the efforts of others who do not have our rhetoric..."

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Long live Anarchy!!

Long live Neo-Nihilism!!

Without Authority
P.B., Jefferson City, Mo.

In order to become a policeman, soldier, judge or jailer, one has to learn to use the club and gun to beat, kill, and jail people--to dehumanize one's self.

Kathy's advice to appreciate what well-meaning reformers aim to achieve through any of the existing institutions of the State, would be futile whenever the fundamental system of exploitation and rulership is threatened. The Marxian government's crushing of the Solidarity movement in Poland, and the capitalist government of the United States' war against the Vietnamese people, as well as its use of despicable methods to destroy the revolutionary uprisings in El Salvador and other latin countries speak for themselves.

The translation into actual life of the kind of voluntary society that anarchists aim at was materialized in Spain during the civil war, thereby showing indirectly how wrong Kathy is when asserting that the inhumane system of economic exploitation and rulership cannot be supplanted in our times.

L. Molin
Los Gatos, CA.

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Of lifeless, naked feet.
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With bright colors splashed
On the wounded walls.
It yearns for laughter,
To squeeze the tears'
Haunting absorption.
It impatiently waits
For song to soothe
The choked dry voice
With rising melody,
To mortar the cracked ceiling
And crumble the harsh chorus
Of this lonely imprisonment.

--angie brown-rice

ANARCHY a journal of DESIRE ARMED

Number 5
February, 1983

Anarchy is an irregular publication of the Columbia Anarchist League, an anti-profit, anti-capitalist organization of local anarchists dedicated to catalyzing the creation of a more libertarian world. We have no deadlines, sell no advertising, have no paid staff, and owe nothing to anyone. We do need the support of readers if we are to be able to publish this journal with any frequency. Subscriptions are \$3.00/six issues. Institutional subscriptions are \$6.00/six issues. Subscriptions are free to prisoners. Sustaining contributors donate \$5.00 - \$10.00/issue. Please address subscriptions, contributions, submissions and letters to:

Anarchy
c/o C.A.L.
P.O. Box 380
Columbia, MO. 65205

Please make any cheques payable to the Columbia Anarchist League.

--i. m. bored & john the toilet

The Columbia area punk movement is growing. Columbia has one explicitly anarchist band, CAUSES OF TRAGEDY, as well as other new and embryonic bands including VIOLENT DEATH, LEPER CHURCH, and ANIMAL FARM.

Columbia's only punk magazine is MISERY (P.O. Box 7461, Columbia, MO. 65205.) MISERY is jammed packed with interviews, record reviews, and provocations ranging from subversively nerdy to unforgivably nerdy.

The Columbia scene will grow even bigger when YOU form a band, a magazine, etc. DO IT NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. DON'T RELY ON OTHERS FOR SOMETHING YOU CAN DO YOURSELF. DON'T EVER GIVE UP.

You'd never know it from looking in local record stores, but there's a lot of good noise being recorded by anarchist punk bands. Here's our favorites (mostly current) releases:

CRASS: "Christ the Album" (2 LP set)

"How Does It Feel" ('45)

POISON GIRLS: "Where's the Pleasure" (LP)

DEAD KENNEDYS: "Plastic Surgery Disasters" (LP)

"Bleed for Me" ('45)

Zoundz: "The Curse of Zoundz" (LP)

DIRT: "Never Mind Dirt, Here's the Bollocks" (LP)

SYSTEM: "Warfare" (7" EP)

MDC: "Millions of Dead Cops" (LP)

.....And though we haven't yet heard the new ANARCHY COMPILATION album, how could you go wrong???

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
Anyway, the "Christ the Album" set was for sale at The Whizz the last time we looked, but, otherwise, none of the local record stores have any of these discs.

To order any of these records by mail, write Rough Trade, 326 Sixth St., San Francisco, CA. 94103, and send them 50¢ for their catalog.

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DEAD KENNEDYS: "Plastic Surgery Disasters" (LP)
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For more information on anarchist punk
music, send postage to:
Exitstencil Music, POB 15564, San Francisco, CA 94115
Anarchy for Punks, POB 37, Upper Darby, PA 19082
Maximum Rock N' Roll, POB 288, Berkeley, CA 94701
(\$1.00 a copy.)

Mean while, back in town, KOPN (89.5 FM)
is the only radio station that has any punk radio
shows. It has three of them.

"Sleepless Frenzy" with a host of ex-Catholic
hosts (Tuesday midnight to 3 a.m.)

"Krisp" KOPN's newest punk shock
WITH Bob Bite (alternate Saturdays midnight
to 3 a.m.)

"Subliminal Nightmare" with the Maggot and
assorted worms (late night Saturday 3 a.m.
to 6:30 a.m.)

See a KOPN program guide for more
details about these shows.

PUNK in

AnARCOlumbià



clare bridget

barrassment would accompany any expression of sexual desire, however tentative. The stereotypes I had learned about myself had become self-fulfilling prophecies. Women were taboo to me, although they remained my most significant preoccupation. Thus the social and psychological basis existed for my transition from sissy to creep.

I use the idiom "creep" in a very

A creature of low self-esteem, the creep feels he cannot develop sustained intimate friendships with others. Despairing of intersubjective happiness, he takes the other as an object to exploit as best he can. This is a cynical attempt to validate himself through domination. The delightful joys of erotic pleasure are turned into their opposite by a guilt-ridden quest for power. The creep then is a voyeur, a

In his masturbatory fantasy, he chooses a woman, imagines her loving him and envies her sexual passion.

The creep lives up to the stereotype. He feels crushed by this failure, a defeat in the eyes of one time or another. The creep can find the world of his teenage years a period of time when he can find a boy or girl who is gyny.

Yet, while he finds reassurance and intimacy to the masochistic (and creepy) desperation so sure. The sage he has a pitiful soul, this attitude is or fearful as people's worst.

Adults, in teachers, and distort from my disallowances expressed the my usual routine for me, (and greed). My allowances for was not capable of quality of work. It was embarrassing to hear adults, to trust my peers or "help him" effective. things, since able or incapable.

Increasing this form of ing me from full of almost since they so condescending. Altruism in presence persons. How alizes that able and incapable.